

Living Orthodoxy



THE NEWLY-GLORIFIED HIERARCH JONAH OF MANCHURIA

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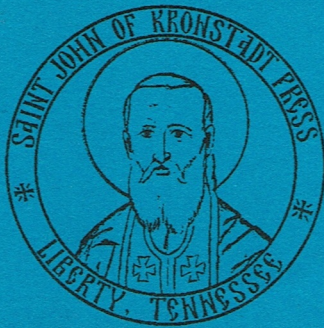
Also in this issue:

The Dark Visage of Revolution.

by Metropolitan Anastaius (Gribanowsky)

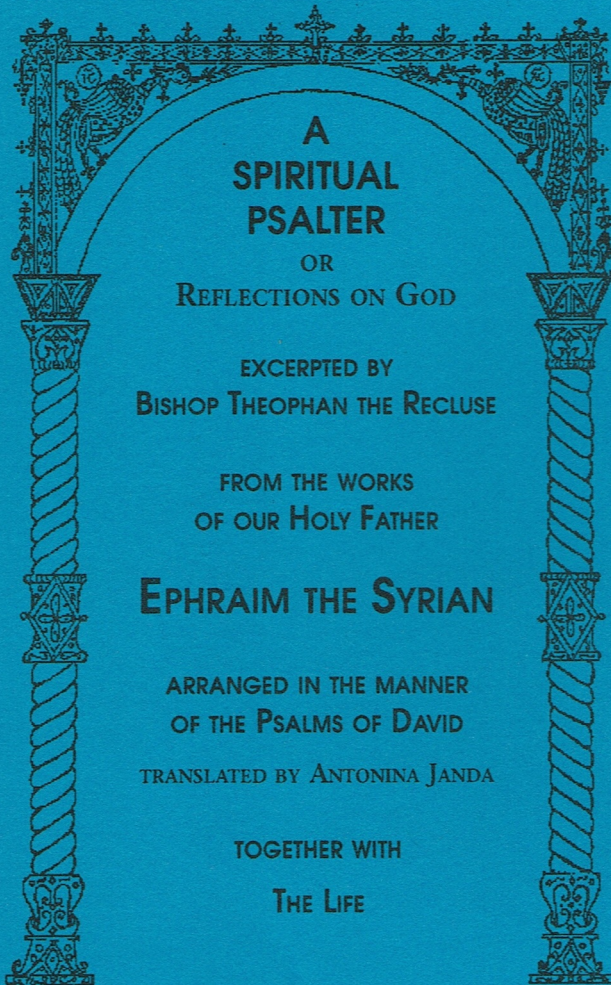
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LIVING ORTHODOXY

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 Archbishop of Australia & New Zealand
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Those who have patiently (or not so patiently!) awaited this day are about to have their patience rewarded. The book goes to press as this issue is being printed, and should be finished and ready for shipment during April 1997. Designed for visual appeal as well as being a work of theological poetry of the highest order, the book is crafted to be easily carried in pocket or purse, or at home in an icon corner, on a bedstand, or for visitors in the living room. 4.5x7 inches, gold-stamped flexible cover, printed in black and red throughout on Bible-quality paper, 256pp. Prepublication orders are now being accepted (stock# D040) at \$25/copy + P&H (\$5 for one or two copies in US, \$7 elsewhere). Please inquire concerning special prepublication discounts on large-quantity orders.

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SAINT JONAH, BISHOP OF HANKOW

WHOSE MEMORY THE HOLY CHURCH CELEBRATES

ON THE 7TH OF OCTOBER

"Do not forget the little children... Forgive me for Christ's sake, but do not forget them in your prayers. Write their names in your Books of Remembrance..." These were the instructions left by His Grace, the ever-memorable Bishop Jonah of Hankow, who, having "fought the good fight" (II Tim. 4: 7), by his profoundly ascetic manner of life and rich spiritual experience won for himself the love and respect of all.

His Grace, Bishop Jonah (Pokrovsky), whose secular name was Vladimir, was born on April 17th, 1888, in the Kozel'sk District of the Province of Kaluga. Having lost his parents, who were of the peasantry, early in life, he was adopted by the village deacon, whose surname was Pokrovsky. After brilliantly completing his seminary studies in Kaluga, the young Vladimir enrolled in the Kazan' Theological Academy in 1909. During his third year of study there he took the monastic tonsure, receiving the new name Jonah, and repaired to the famous Optina Hermitage, where he availed himself of the guidance of the renowned elders, Saints Joseph and Anatolius.

He returned to the Academy, having been ordained to the rank of hieromonk, and completed his course of study in 1914, after which he began to teach the Sacred Scriptures as a graduate assistant. Yet "as the eye has need of hands and the other parts of the body, so also does faith need active virtue" (Bl. Theodoretus, Bishop of Cyrrhus), and Father Jonah, possessing unshakable faith, desired to minister unto those who were defending Faith, Tsar and Fatherland against their enemies during World War I. He therefore became a military chaplain, and in 1916, the senior chaplain of the Army.

In 1918, persecuted by the Bolsheviks who had usurped authority, Father Jonah left Kazan' and travelled to Perm. There he was beaten and arrested by the ungodly ones who were contending against God, and was dispatched to Tiumen to stand trial; but along the way, in the Province of Tobol'sk, the White Army managed to free him.

He left Tobol'sk and followed the River Irtysh down to Omsk, where the Supreme Ecclesiastical Administration elevated him to the rank of abbot and made him chief chaplain of the Southern Army. When the Southern Army was routed, he was forced to leave his much-suffering motherland through Turkestan and the Gobi Desert, shouldering the heavy cross of exile.

By way of western China, Abbot Jonah arrived in Shanghai, and was then assigned to the Russian Ecclesiastical Mission in Peking, where he was elevated to the rank of Archimandrite. In September of 1922, in Peking he was consecrated Bishop of Tiansin, vicar of the Peking Mission, and was also appointed rector of the Saint Innocent Missionary Cathedral in Manchuria. The hierarchs who took part in his nomination and consecration were Archbishop Innocent of Peking, head of the Mission, and Bishops Meletius of Trans-Baikal and Simon of Shanghai (later Archbishop of Peking). When he arrived in Manchuria on October 19, 1922, the newly-consecrated archpastor began his hierarchal struggle, making an apostolic journey to the people, for the salvation of his flock and those seeking the true Faith.

Bishop Meletius (later Metropolitan) of Harbin describes the first steps of Saint Jonah's archpastoral activity thus: "...The populace of Manchuria, in that it came from various parts of Russia, had not been properly educated in the religious sense. Relatively few came to pray in the vast new and magnificent church of the Mission, and the preaching in church was very weak. A zealous minister of the Church of God and an excellent preacher, the young and energetic Bishop Jonah first undertook to organize his flock in the religious, moral sense. He brought the services in his church into line with the typicon, organized a beautiful choir, and preached tirelessly; and the church began to fill with the faithful, until finally there was no more room. For the energetic Bishop Jonah, however, this was not enough. At the invitation of the City Council, he taught catechism in the local

high school. When the students, who had come to love him, learned that they were not required to be tested on their knowledge of the Law of God, they declared that it was their desire to submit to examination on this subject, and everyone displayed a good knowledge..."

Here His Grace, Bishop Jonah also founded an orphanage, playing an active rôle in the life and upbringing of the children, as Bishop Nestor of Kamchatka testifies in his letter to the children of the orphanage in Manchuria: "Vladyka Jonah is still with us, and especially with you, dear children; for he cared and took thought for you most of all during his lifetime, and has not abandoned you even after his death. Remember his testament, in which he speaks so movingly, so warmly of you, and you alone... Bishop Jonah gave himself over wholly to charity, committed his whole heart to you; and having yearned for God with that love, that loving-kindness, he is calling his dear children to travel the same path. To follow this summons, children, is the only way for us to express our thanks to Bishop Jonah for all he did for you."

When he wished to rest "among the kids" (thus did His Grace express himself) from his onerous hierarchal activity, Vladyka would go to his beloved orphanage.

Diligently fulfilling the commandment of Christ concerning active love for one's neighbor, Bishop Jonah became a prominent social activist, caring for the good estate and eternal salvation of the flock entrusted to him by the Chief Shepherd. During the three years of his sojourn at the cathedra of Manchuria, he managed to found:

- 1) the children's orphanage, in which there were thirty orphans, aged between five and fourteen years;

- 2) lower and upper primary schools, where as many as five hundred students were educated without cost;

- 3) a soup kitchen which provided meals daily for two hundred people;

- 4) a free medical clinic, which provided medical aid and medicines for the poorest of Manchuria's populace; and

- 5) a library for the spiritual enlightenment of the people.

His Grace, Bishop Jonah also published leaflets containing spiritual and moral instruction and himself delivered lectures in Harbin's theological-philosophical courses. By his education, spiritual character, charitable activity and cordiality Vladyka attracted people of all ages, levels of society and education. Yet despite all of this, he was remarkably humble-minded and modest, as I. Krupenin relates of him: "How simply Vladyka Jonah lived! It was hard to believe that this was a 'Prince of the Church', a Lord and Master. He had neither cooks nor a kitchen. He ate very modestly and simply. His favorite food was fried potatoes and dark rye bread. Vladyka's clothing and footwear were even more modest. Patches were the usual adornment of both. Tailors and cobblers would often refuse to repair them: the patches were what was holding them together! Yet if Vladyka was modest during his lifetime, after death he has shown his greatness and the height of his spirit."

A man's spiritual value is determined not only by his way of life and his activity, but also by his death, i.e. by how he surrenders his soul "into the hands of God." And the most merciful Lord, "Who loveth the righteous," desiring to summon the holy hierarch to His heavenly habitation, of which it is written "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man" (I Cor. 2: 9), entered the name of the bishop in the Book of Life, giving him a "good end".

Archbishop (later Metropolitan) Methodius of Harbin was a witness to his final moments: "Bidding farewell to the sick man, I insistently told him several times that he needed to make his confession, that I would come to him the next day with the chalice and the Holy Gifts. A doctor was standing by the sick-bed, it being his turn to watch over the patient, and he made a confirmatory sign at my suggestion. Seeing this, Vladyka understood that his final moment was drawing nigh, and he asked the physician: 'Is my end really arriving so quickly?' When he received an affirmative reply, the sick man began to prepare for confession and Holy Communion. [Vladyka had developed a blood infection and angina.] Putting on his manta, he said: 'It's time to gather everyone together.' He made his confession and received the Holy

Mysteries. When he had removed his vestments, he sat down and typed out his final testament... Having set out his last will, he arose, took the Book of Needs in hand, and himself read the Canon at the Departure of the Soul. I stood to one side and prayed with him, the doctor supporting him lightly on the other side. When he finished the canon, he began to bid farewell to those present, who were standing beyond the light curtain which served to partition off the adjoining room. Asking their forgiveness, he bowed down before everyone's feet, and those present, for their part, bowed down before his feet with tears in their eyes, asking forgiveness; and approaching him one by one, they asked his blessing... Bestowing his archpastoral blessing upon them all, he sat on his bed, ordered them to take his shoes off, and then lay down on his bed and said: 'I am dying.' They placed a cross and candle in his hands... I began to read the prayers at the departure of the soul. The dying man recited along with me. And when I had read the kontakion 'O my soul' and began to read the ikos, tears suddenly flooded my eyes, and at that moment the dying man uttered his final groan and reposed..."

It is interesting to note that before his repose, having made his confession to his confessor, Father Alexis, and received Communion and written his will, Vladyka told the clergy who surrounded him to vest him in the epitrachelion and cuffs of Saint Ambrose of Optina, and ordered them to bury him in the white vestments and miter he had received from his Manchurian flock. He wanted to be buried beyond the sanctuary, next to Father Micah, the founder of the Mission's metochion, whom he had buried several days previously. He asked Archbishop Methodius to serve for him the funeral of a monk and to place the gold pectoral cross of the recently reposed Hieromonk Micah on Father Paul Shilyaev, who was famous in China as a composer and the choir-master of the Saint Innocent Cathedral. At that time, services of supplication for Vladyka's health were being served in the cathedral, in which a great number of the faithful participated, as well as the orphans, whom Vladyka Jonah had mentioned many times when saying farewell to his flock, saying: "Do not

abandon the children; take care of them." They held up before Vladyka icons of Saint John the Evangelist and the Mother of God (a blessing from Metropolitan Anthony), which he asked them to place on his coffin. And so, firmly holding the holy cross in his right hand, Vladyka spoke his final words: "Forgive and pray for me", and peacefully departed this fleeting life for blessed and everlasting life with God. After this, Vladyka Methodius approached the newly departed bishop and finished the reading of the canon at the departure of the soul.

Archbishop Methodius of Harbin and many clergymen celebrated the funeral service in the presence of 8,000 people. With profound sorrow and abundant tears his flock, with the clergy and children of his beloved orphanage, accompanied him on the "path which all the world must take." During one of the panikhidas for Bishop Jonah in the cathedral, A. T. Gantimurov, who had been deeply upset by Vladyka's unexpected death, suddenly passed away of a heart attack. On the eve of the ninth day, the parastasis was celebrated, and on the ninth day itself, the liturgy, after which a gathering was held in memory of Vladyka, which opened with the serving of a litia for the repose of his soul.

For us Vladyka's repose was glorious, victorious and instructive! Teaching us the most sublime lesson of Christian life and death, Bishop Jonah reminded us of the edifying words of Saint Ephraim the Syrian: "The time for repentance is short; the kingdom of heaven has no end!" Despite his youth, Vladyka always prepared himself for death and the life of the age to come, bringing to fulfillment the spiritually beneficial words of The Prologue in *Instructions*: "Our present life is a field in which we must sow seeds, i.e. good works for the life to come. Let us sow, so that our seeds will grow, and bear fruit, and we will enjoy these fruits, i.e. the results of our good works, in the mansions of the heavenly Father. If we do not sow anything good here, we will not see anything good in the age to come" (22 November).

While he departed this world, which "lieth in evil", Vladyka did not cease to love his children, which is borne witness by the miracle of the healing of a certain ten-year old boy who was suffering from pain in his legs. At the hour of the bishop's

blessed repose, this child saw him in a dream. The bishop said to him: "Here, take my legs; I have no more need of them. And you give me yours!" The late Archpriest Nicholas Kiklovich, a clergyman of the Harbin Diocese, tells the story of the boy who was healed: "This love and feeling of respect for [Bishop Jonah] did not cease with his death. On the contrary, they began to love and honor him all the more, yet not as an ordinary mortal man, but as one of God's favored ones. This is particularly evident after Vladyka's healing of the sick boy Nicholas, who was beyond the help of medicine. (The boy was treated at the onset of his condition by Dr. V. V. Lyapustin, who also treated Vladyka. The doctor subsequently provided details of the case to the obstetrician Byelovaya.) At the very moment when human aid was shown to be unable to help the suffering child, and his family despaired of their son's future, the power of God, in the person of the newly-reposed Vladyka Jonah, then appeared to help the suffering boy. A month ago, this young Nicholas—now twenty-seven years old, self-employed, married, with two little daughters and his own home—came to the writer of these lines and told him in detail of his healing. After the miraculous vision of the newly-reposed Vladyka Jonah, Nicholas awoke and rose from his bed, completely restored to health. He cast away his crutches and, even though it was midnight, began to walk around his room."

In the summer of 1994, in the city of Kurgan, Nicholas Dergachev reposed in old age. He had lived for a time in Kustanay, where in 1989 he was visited by A. Baksheev, a devotee of the saint and a former resident of Harbin who now lives in Australia: "...I sought this man out. He was living in an apartment. I had a conversation with him. It proved to be like a fairy tale or a miracle. When we were living in China, we read this brochure about Vladyka, but it never entered our mind that we would meet the boy himself. He gave me a portrait of Bishop Jonah... It is in a frame and hangs near our icons. I pray to him as to a saint."

Several years after the blessed repose of Bishop Jonah a special anthology was published, describing various cases of the gracious aid which show the miraculous power of God made manifest

through the intercession and help of the holy hierarch, which was poured forth in abundance upon those who with faith and love have recourse to his prayerful mediation before the throne of the Lord of glory.

Many who were at one time residents in Vladyka's orphanage and his spiritual children desired to uncover his most precious remains and to effect their transferal to Holy Trinity Monastery in Jordanville, that they might become the object of reverent veneration by all who fervently honor the memory of the holy hierarch and wonder-worker with oneness of mind. In February of 1994, V. I. Ufaev, at the behest of the Society of Former Manchurians, journeyed to China, where he obtained the permission of the authorities to remove the precious remains; and in July, on the feast of the holy Great Prince Vladimir (Vladyka's secular name), he set about excavating the site of the burial by the wall of the sanctuary of the St. Innocent Cathedral, which had been demolished in 1964. Unfortunately, the relics were not found. They had apparently been destroyed when the church was dynamited, the stones of which were carried away by the populace. On 12/23 November 1994, at its second session, the Sacred Council of Bishops of our Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia, having listened with great attention to the report of Archbishop Anthony of Western America & San Francisco concerning the attempts of the Society of Former Manchurians, who reside now in San Francisco, to find the remains of Bishop Jonah, resolved: "To give the Manchurians the blessing of the Council of Bishops, to praise their zeal and loyalty to the memory of the holy hierarch Jonah, and to bless them for their efforts to find his remains." At the most recent Council of Bishops of the Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia, in September of this year, they resolved to perform Bishop Jonah's ecclesiastical glorification on 7/20 1996.

I will conclude this account with the words of Metropolitan Meletius of Harbin: "His Grace, Bishop Jonah fulfilled the most important commandment of Christ: he fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty, took the wanderer in, clothed the naked, and visited the sick, doing all this for his brethren in need. And through them he did what

is pleasing to the Lord Jesus Christ, Whose sweet voice may he hear, saying: 'O good and faithful servant, come and inherit the habitation with My Father, which is prepared for thee!'

Through his supplications may the Lord, Who is wondrous in His saints, help us to fulfill the principal commandment of the newly-glorified hierarchy—to love one another. Then we will be wor-

thy to be called his devotees, for, as the divine Chrysostom once said, "the true veneration of a saint is his emulation."

Let us send up glory, thanksgiving and worship to our God Who is worshipped in Trinity, and Who has given us a new mediator before His throne, unto the ages of ages. Amen.

ACT OF GLORIFICATION

The God-pleasing life, feverish activity, uninterrupted struggle and truly blessed end of His Grace, Bishop Jonah of Hankow, who reposed on October 7th, 1925, in Manchuria, made a most powerful impression upon his contemporaries.

The brief, three-year episcopate of this favorite of God, rich in content and holy, ended when he was only thirty-seven years of age.

An orphan deprived of both father and mother at an early age, even while living in poverty he studied the language of the sacred Scriptures of the Old Testament, passed the courses of the seminary and the Kazan' Theological Academy as an exemplary student, and in the third year of his academy training received the monastic tonsure. Immediately after graduation from the Academy, he was imposed upon, contrary to his own wishes and humility, to occupy the chair of Sacred Scriptures of the New Testament, submitting to the elder from the famous Optina Hermitage who was exercising strict oversight over him.

This is the field — academic, liturgical and homiletic — which was opened to Hieromonk Jonah in 1914, at the beginning of the Great War; yet the terrible year of 1917 soon arrived... And in the following year the ascetic pastor was banished from Kazan', arrested in Perm, and beaten by the Bolsheviks until he lost consciousness.

Thus, having shared the lot of the holy new-martyrs and confessors of Russia, in accordance with God's providence Hieromonk Jonah was liberated by the White Army in the Urals and was quickly elevated to the rank of abbot and appointed senior chaplain of the Southern Volunteer Army. With the army of Hetman Dutov, Fr. Jonah

retreated to the borders of western China. While crossing spurs of the Pamir Mountains he had to grasp at outcroppings on the icy cliffs and the rare bush with hands abraded of skin.

The Lord preserved Fr. Jonah, as he himself believed, for the episcopal ministry which lay ahead of him.

Still, the entire three-year episcopate of Bishop Jonah turned out to be a fulfillment of the principal commandment of Christ concerning lovingkindness, such as from anyone else, even if a good toiler, would have required decades. The extent and power of this ministry was remembered in Manchuria both by the Orthodox and even by the non-Christians. The activity of the holy hierarchy is precisely summed up by His Grace Meletius, then still Bishop of Transbaikalia, who wrote of Saint Jonah to the effect that, in fulfilling the principal commandment of Christ, he "fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty, took in the wanderer, clothed the paupers, and visited the sick..."

The fulfillment of this commandment, which was prepared by his whole life's struggle, was the substance of Bishop Jonah's whole life; it was that good work which each bishop is commanded to desire.

It flourished in Manchuria with his constant efforts on behalf of the children, for whom he founded an orphanage, yet at the same time he would find time and strength also for the adults, and for all—both his native, Russian people, and for every man. For this reason his passing was widely lamented.

He did not find time only for himself. Thus, when such a common ailment as angina began,

Saint Jonah, continuing to care for all, and not only for himself, only gave passing attention to what he thought was a simple thing that did not require any particular concern, and rinsed his ailing throat with kerosene, which brought on an infection of the blood.

And when, to everyone's dismay, the inevitability of a speedy demise became clear, Archbishop Methodius, a devout witness to the final hours of the righteous one, describes how strictly and imperturbably the holy hierarch began to prepare himself for the passage into eternity. He made his confession and received the Holy Mysteries, typed out his own short testament, which was distributed to thousands on the day of his burial, bade farewell to all, transmitted his final desires in a whisper from his ailing throat, desired to go to church, but, listening to those around him, lay down and passed on to Christ while Archbishop Methodius was reading the prayers at the departure of the soul.

Many know about his funeral services, which were attended by vast multitudes, of the general lamentation, of the death of one of his devotees who was especially dismayed by his passing, and finally, of the miracle which occurred on the day of his burial—the healing of a ten-year old boy when the holy hierarch appeared to him in a dream and told him to “take his legs”.

Now, sixty years afterward, the consciousness of the Church is honoring the holy hierarch Jonah as a favorite of God, who has acquired the grace to pray for those who call upon his name.

With the blessing of the Synod of Bishops of the Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia, the intention of emigrants from Manchuria to go to China and try to find and bring back the remains of the holy hierarch, who was buried in 1925, was carried out. But the church had been blown

up and the graves destroyed. The permission of the local authorities, however, was received to undertake excavations. The earth of the churchyard was taken up, but nothing was found. Yet the memory of the life, struggle and end of the holy hierarch Jonah has not dimmed.

Agreeing with the common voice of the archpastors of the Far East who were contemporaries of Bishop Jonah, as well as their clergy and flock, honoring the ecclesio-pedagogical and charitable struggle of the hierarch of God, whose whole life burned and shone with charity, and mindful of his status as a confessor and the miracle wrought after his burial, the Synod of Bishops, as instructed by the Council of Bishops of the Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia, which has just concluded its sessions, decrees that the holy hierarch Jonah of Hankow be venerated as a favorite of God among the choir of the saints who have shone forth in the land of Russia, establishing the day of his commemoration as October 7th O.S., on which day in the current year his glorification is to be performed, entrusting the preparation for this solemnity and the announcement of same to Their Graces, Archbishop Anthony of Western America & San Francisco and Cyril of Seattle.

We call upon all to render thanks unto God, Who is wondrous in His saints, and entrust all to the prayers of the newly-glorified holy hierarch Jonah. Amen.

+ Metropolitan Vitaly,
President of the Synod & the Council
Hereafter follow the signatures of all the
bishops who participated in the Council

31 August/13 September 1996



THE DARK VISAGE OF REVOLUTION

BY METROPOLITAN ANASTASIUS (GRIBANOVSKY)

Terrible and mysterious is the dark visage of revolution. Viewed from the vantage point of its inner essence, it is not contained within the framework of history and cannot be studied on the same level as other historical facts. In its deepest roots it transcends the boundaries of space and time, as was determined by Gustave le Bon, who considered it an irrational phenomenon in which certain mystical, supernatural powers were at work.

But what before may have been considered dubious became completely obvious after the Russian Revolution. In it everyone sensed, as one contemporary writer expressed himself, the critical incarnation of absolute evil in the temper of man; in other words, the participation of the devil — that father of lies and ancient enemy of God, who tries to make man his obedient weapon against God — was clearly revealed.

The primordial conflict between evil and good, darkness and light, Satan and God, also constitutes the deepest moral basis of revolution, its hidden soul and main objective. Everything else that usually characterizes it — *i.e.*, political and social cataclysms, the frenzy of bloody passions — is only the outward consequence or means of this conflict; they belong to it just as the hands on a clock-face belong to the spring which moves them, even though the spring is hidden from our sight.

The revolutionary process has been active throughout the entire history of the world. The first act of this great drama took place in the far reaches of heaven, when incorporeal spirits rebelled against the Creator; and its epilogue is depicted in fiery colors in the pages of the Apocalypse. Fallen Lucifer was the first to kindle the fire of revolution in the world. We read of this in the Book of Isaiah: "How hath Lucifer, who rose in the morning, fallen from heaven!... But thou saidst in thine heart: 'I will go up to heaven, I will set my throne above the stars of heaven: I will sit on a lofty mount, on the lofty mountains toward the north: I will go up above the clouds; I will be like the Most High'" (Isa. 14:12-14). He drew to him a third of the stars, *i.e.*, of the armies of heaven; but the Archangel Michael and the other

incorporeal hosts did battle with them and cast them down from heaven (Rev. 12:7-9). The word of God does not provide us with a detailed depiction of this heavenly battle, a picture Milton tries to draw with the aid of poetic expressions in his *Paradise Lost*. He depicts all the incidents of this rebellion using traits typical of revolutionary conflict.

Though changed in outward luster, that fixed
mind

And high disdain, from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed...

...But He Who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on His throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom..... War, then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved."

...Farewell, happy fields
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time."

Cast down from heaven for his audacity, Satan not only refused to humble himself before the Creator, but became even more obdurate in his sense of antipathy toward God. He tried to draw the first man into this lamentable conflict, to turn him against his own Creator. Utterly poisoned by the venom of pride, which was expressed for them in the words "Ye shall be as gods," the descendants of Adam were themselves incapable of being healed of this dangerous disease. Satan invisibly enkindled within man that destructive spirit of self-assertion which moves him to oppose his own Creator.

The building of the Tower of Babylon was the first open challenge which mankind dared to hurl at heaven. Punished for their audacity, they still did not humble themselves completely.

All the subsequent history of the Old Testament world comprises a continuation of this conflict

between man and God, in which even the chosen people of Israel took part, as we clearly see from the Bible, especially from the writings of the prophets.

The lust of antipathy toward God continued to exist secretly even after the coming to earth of Christ the Savior, Who reconciled men with God and enabled them to experience again the joy of divine sonship.

The appearance of humanism, which tried to free men from man's subjection to divine authority, to reveal him as a self-sufficient being, and to secularize the entire culture which had grown from Christian roots, signals a new event in the development and deepening of this primeval drama.

Revolution always originates with the temptation of freedom, and moreover absolute and divine freedom, the promise of which rings in the Redeemer's words, "Ye are gods" [Ps. 81: 6]. Revolution always finds food for itself in this perennial illusion of mankind, even though mankind has always paid a high price for its passion for it.

The spirit of humanistic freedom, which penetrated to the heart of the Roman church, brought about a cataclysmic revolution there, known under the name of the Reformation. From its flames the first profound political and, in part, social revolution quickly caught fire in England. It bore within itself as an embryo all the typically destructive traits of subsequent revolutions; but the religious sources of this movement, the iron hand of Oliver Cromwell, and the immemorial good sense of the English people, restrained this stormy element, preventing it from achieving its full growth. Thenceforth, however, the social spirit of Europe has been infected forever with the bacterium of revolution.

The field of France, cultivated by the hands of Voltaire, Rousseau and the Encyclopedists, showed itself to be far more receptive to the seeds of revolution, and they put forth magnificent blossom there by the end of the 18th century, producing the so-called Great French Revolution. That it has a tenuous genetic connection with the English revolution is not subject to doubt, but each people, of course, provides its own conception of revolutionary ideals. As distinct from what took place in England, in France there was nothing to restrain

the social tempest when it broke; on the contrary, everything assisted its rapid spread.

In the French Revolution, as in a mirror, one finds reflected the superficial character of this people, its striving for mere pose, for pretty phrases and gestures, all inspired by vanity and vainglory. All the heroes and activists of this revolution—even the Girondists, the more moderate and serious among them—remind one of actors posturing before a vast audience, their only thought what their contemporaries and posterity will say about them. They indulged in orgies on the very eve of their execution, to show thereby their supposed manliness of spirit. Many of them even tried to pose on the scaffold which proved to be their last stage in this world. None of them gave a thought to his responsibilities before God, before history or his conscience at that moment which was so fateful for their country.

Whenever society is in such a mood, revolution is transformed from a means into a goal, into a graven image which all nations have worshipped. Carried away by the inertia of its own movement, it was irresistibly borne forward like a hurricane and, gradually deepening, was transformed into a horrifying amalgam of blasphemy, cruelty, bloodshed, debauchery and collective insanity, all of which its leaders tried in vain to disguise with the loud slogans: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! Alas, along with these high-sounding words which were everywhere flaunted, the "holy guillotine" was erected, becoming an insatiable Moloch to whom a countless multitude of innocent lives were offered in sacrifice. Reading everywhere the slogan "Brotherhood or death!", Chambord was moved to exclaim: "This is the brotherhood of Cain!" Very soon this basic truth was understood by the whole world, and though even serious intellects such as Kant and Goethe followed the development of the French Revolution with curiosity in the beginning, it later inspired in Europe nothing but loathing and horror.

The French Revolution clearly showed the world that its aspirations were not confined solely to the overthrow of the existing governmental and social structure; it undertook a wider mission on a world scale and first and foremost declared itself to be a self-sufficient principle of life, promulgating a

special revolutionary morality, a revolutionary justice, etc. It rejected the eternal laws of the Creator in order to worship human reason and to make it alone the arbiter of life. Robespierre, however, who was himself the utter incarnation of the bloody aspect of the Revolution which reached its zenith under him, at first understood the full insanity of man competing with God, and therefore tried to "legislate" the worship of the Most High Being again, making himself His high priest. This pitiful parody of religion, however, was unable to save either him or the Revolution. Like Saturn, the latter continued pitilessly to devour its own offspring, until the hand of Napoleon deprived it of its sting. Even after this dreadful conflagration was finally extinguished in France, however, its spirit did not die. It became the greatest temptation for mankind, which has not ceased to be fascinated by these bloody, fiery pages of French history, which have exerted a fatal, magnetic power upon many.

The wide cultural influence of France, which had long been exerted upon Europe, made the dissemination of revolutionary ideals easier. Educated Russian society became especially enamored of them after our officers brought them back on the points of their bayonets following their victorious entry into Paris.

Every revolution arises in men's minds and gradually galvanizes various levels of society, most often beginning with the upper classes. Its work continues underground, until the opposition of the authorities and the prevailing social milieu weakens; then, like a subterranean spring, it gushes forth with a great tumult. This is what happened in Russia after we lost World War I, when the national organism, broken and exhausted, was no longer in any state to oppose this stormy, destructive element, which had long been gurgling, unheard, underground.

The Russian Revolution is one of the most complicated phenomena ever witnessed in the course of history. Interwoven within it are the most diverse of elements. Here one finds: a direct imitation of the French Revolution, whose ideals nurtured a whole series of generations of the Russian intelligentsia; the messianism of the Westernizers, who pitilessly condemned the political and social

order of Russia and were later disenchanted with "bourgeois mercantile" Europe; the apotheosis of Russia by the Slavophiles, who considered it the light of the world, with its ideal of universal brotherhood; the simple people's immemorial, unquenchable thirst for full justice on earth; the latter's everlasting, insatiable hunger for land; the anarchy of intellects, which was inculcated in Russia under the influence of the negative preaching of Tolstoy, and that of the "stormy petrels", decadents, etc.; the deep shock to the Russian soul occasioned by the fiery images of profound evil in the works of Dostoyevsky; the tremendous energy generated by World War I, which sought an outlet for itself after disappointment with the War; Russian maximalism in general, which is nowhere ever able to stop halfway in anything and only too easily transforms itself into nihilism; and echoes of the Time of Troubles, as well as the uprisings of Stenka Razin and Pugachev, in which senseless and merciless Russian rebellion resulted from the turbulent mood of the Russian soul at a moment of extreme provocation. In a ferment alien to us, this admixture of elements was transformed into materialistic Marxism, and as such resulted in an unexpected and stormy fermentation which turned the sun to darkness and the moon to blood, creating confusion and horror everywhere and making Russia a terrible disgrace for the whole world.

In the Russian Revolution there are, of course, no fewer characteristic traits than in the French Revolution; but if we examine its hidden soul, we will see there the same process of world revolution, which has but reached a new stage in its development.

The Russian Revolution set about its world mission more daringly than any of its predecessors, and with a profoundly radical program. Its ideologues did not wish to see in it a mere repetition of "classic models", which always ended in compromise. From the very beginning it set as its goal the rejection of the old world and the creation of an absolutely new order of social life, with new ideals and new methods of structuring society. Its objective was not only to turn a new page in world history, but to break completely any ties with the former and to form a new land with a new man, the apotheosis of whom it placed at the center of

its dogma. Proceeding from the principle that "the pathos of destruction is the pathos of creation," it launched itself with raging fury at the entire previous political, social and moral order of life, desiring to demolish it to its foundations.

Here the age-old Russian maximalist dilemma—"All or nothing!" (or, better to say, "All or down with everything!")—proclaims itself.

It is remarkable that not only Nechaev (who was primarily a "destroyer"), but also the idealist Herzen, with a certain demonic voluptuousness, anticipated this picture of the ruination which the Russian Revolution was to bring with it. "Don't you see the new barbarians who are on their way to wreak destruction?", he says; "They are ready. Like lava they are moving underground, beneath the mountains. When their hour arrives, Herculaneum and Pompei will disappear, the good and the bad, the righteous and the guilty, all will perish equally.... Who knows what will come of this bloodshed; but whatever does come of it, it will be enough that at the height of this rage, vengeance, discord and retribution, the world which restricts the new man and stands in the way of the future, will perish—and this is wonderful. Therefore, long live chaos and destruction, that the future may be established!"

Alas! This prophecy has been fulfilled in all its horrible power. The barbarians have arrived to carry out their fateful mission, and all the elements have mingled together in bloody chaos. Everything in man's existence that had been considered exalted, holy, virtuous or simply honorable, good or cultured—everything was trampled underfoot and desecrated by their cruel hand, and the abomination of desolation was everywhere established.

At the height of this rage, vengeance, discord and retribution, the good and the bad, the righteous and the guilty did perish equally. Wine was mingled with blood and a sea of human tears at this Herodian feast. Never before had the dignity of man been trampled so crudely and mercilessly underfoot; never before had man fallen so low and become so repulsive in his bestial lack of restraint as in this dark period. "Violence for the body and falsehood for the soul": Nechayev's principle became full incarnate as the main basis of the Bolsheviks' activity.

Every revolution is a tremendous temptation used by the spirit of evil to attract to itself not only individual men, but even an entire people. To a greater or lesser degree, one always finds repeated in it all three types of temptation with which Satan approached the God-man in the desert. In the history of the Russian Revolution they appear more clearly than in any other. And the more the Russian people were given, the higher their calling, the deeper was their fall.

The first temptation with which revolution approached them was the temptation of bread, i.e. a realm of universal satiety, an equal allocation of earthly benefits among the people, the illusion of an earthly paradise where there would be no one who was needy or unfortunate. To attain this purely earthly goal, they had to reject all the eternal, spiritual ideals by which they had lived over the course of centuries.

The second temptation called upon the Russian people to reject the path of the gradual improvement of social life which is based on moral struggle, and to make an immediate, miraculous leap to that realm of freedom, equality and brotherhood with which Russia was going to amaze the whole world.

The third temptation, and most terrible of all, consisted of a call to reject God and worship His primordial enemy, Satan, so that, with the help of the latter, it might more easily gain dominion over all the kingdoms of the world.

Simple common sense grasps how dangerous and essentially illusory each of these temptations is; but revolutionary psychology has little to do with common sense. Russian man, with his characteristic enthusiasm for maximalism, did not consider casting himself into the abyss, as Empedocles cast himself into the crater of Etna, so as to pass himself off as a deity; in his folly he dared to wage war against God Himself, and worshipped Satan not merely symbolically, but in actual fact. And so great a control did Satan exercise over his soul, that at the height of the Revolution we see in the Russian land a complete picture of evil possession, its demonization, such as the Gospel speaks of at length.

Furthermore, the manifestation and establishment of atheistic, materialistic Communism in

Russia has its own dialectic. Our radical intelligentsia, in moving away from the Church, took from Christianity the high principles of love and compassion for one's least brethren and the ideal of sacrifice, freedom, equality and brotherhood which is closely bound up with them. From this moral material they wished to fashion a new social order on earth, yet one without any religious foundation. A purely humanistic world view, as the experience of history proves, cannot, however, serve as a firm basis for human life, for it always seems to be, as it were, suspended in air between heaven and earth. The Bolsheviks understood this in their own way and, carried away by the motive force of the earth, decided to establish their dominion wholly upon it. They did not hesitate to jettison all the idealistic traditions and premises of their predecessors, and boldly followed Karl Marx, laying a materialistic foundation for their Communist building. As they plunged wholeheartedly into the elements of the earth, they naturally found themselves under the dominion of the spirit of the earth and the prince of this world. And Satan did not hesitate to proclaim for them, through their own oracles, a new law which could be nothing but counter to the laws of Mount Sinai and the Gospel.

If before it was said, "I am the Lord thy God;... thou shalt have no other gods before Me"; now new deities appeared, and idols were raised up for the atheistic Communists to worship. The fourth and fifth commandments, concerning the observance of the feasts established by the Church and the honoring of one's parents and elders, were, in general, abrogated. Instead of "Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not covet," new, contrary laws appeared, transforming what before were lusts and crimes into revolutionary virtues.

It is not surprising that all the living sprouts of life in the Russian land withered away because of the evil of those who lived therein, and that it was transformed into the threshold of hell itself.

Satan no longer tried to present himself in the guise of an angel of light to deceive the people, but revealed his vile countenance, the countenance of a wild beast before whom the world trembled. He led an army of thousands into open conflict with

the almighty Creator of the world. Militant atheism became the fundamental plank in the program of Bolshevism. Heaven must indeed have been horrified by the savage blasphemy directed against it from the Russian land.

"The revolution's goal is Russia!", Bakunin once cried. "It is there that its greatest power will unfold; there will it attain its perfection. In Moscow the constellation of revolution will rise high and beautifully from a sea of blood and fire, to become a guiding star for all liberated humanity."

And having proceeded, in three European countries in succession, through three stages of development, the spirit of revolution, it would seem, has indeed achieved in Russia a perfection which has been manifested in a satanic warfare against God unparalleled in its savagery, and the constellation of revolution which has risen from a sea of blood and fire has illumined not a scene of earthly paradise, but a realm of slavery, hunger and death, which has devoured millions of victims and transformed a significant portion of Russia into a wilderness. It could not be otherwise. The way of Antichrist is always fraught with suffering and death.

Those who, paying no heed to this, still continue to idealize revolution—that horrible monster with bloody hands, a face distorted by malice and hellish laughter, and eyes full of the shameless insolence with which it tramples down everything that is divine within man—ought at least to call more frequently to mind how its old ideologues characterized it. "Revolution is the barbaric means of progress," the famous French socialist Jorès, the author of a twelve-volume history of the French Revolution, once said. An even more eloquent verdict was passed upon it by the aforementioned Bakunin during a moment of spiritual enlightenment: "Thanks to the stupidity of the people," he writes, "bloody revolutions sometimes become necessary; nevertheless, they are an evil and great misfortune, not only as regards their victims, but also as regards the purity and fullness of the objective for which they are made... It is inescapable that, after mass murders, the revolutionaries may reach the melancholy conclusion that they have achieved nothing and that they have prepared the triumph of the reactionaries with their own hands."

In a letter to Empress Catherine II, dated 30 April 1791, Rousseau wrote: "O proud and holy freedom! If pitiful men could understand you, if they could know the cost of purchasing and maintaining you, if they could sense that your laws are invariably more heavy than a tyrant's yoke, their weak souls, enamored by the passions, would fear you a hundred times more than slavery, or they would flee from you in horror, as from a pile ready to topple over and crush them." The following testimony from the Jacobite Carneau, who trod the thorny path of freedom to its end during the French Revolution, only confirms the sentence pronounced by Rousseau, which was based more on intuition than actual experience. "Why has freedom been revealed to man if he can never taste of it? Eternally stretching forth his hand toward this fruit, he is struck down by death." If one adds to this the final utterance of Jeanne Roland, made in front of the statue of freedom, past which they were leading her to execution—"O freedom! How many crimes are committed in your name!"—one comprehends how perilous is the temptation of unrestricted freedom which revolution has used over the ages to attract mankind to itself.

These old, "classic" testimonies concerning the real face of revolution coincide completely with opinions made of it by several contemporary Russian thinkers, e.g. Professor Nicholas Berdyaev. "All great revolutions," he writes in his famous book *The Philosophy of Inequality*, "follow an inexorable course: all are savage, malicious and vengeful. In all revolutions the most extreme tendencies have triumphed; in all revolutions freedom is rejected and the image of man is distorted. Revolution is not an idyll; there have never been good and beautiful revolutions; the higher aspects of human nature have never triumphed in them. All revolutions have awoken the dark and evil element in man, the ancient Chaos. There have never been rational revolutions. They have never brought about joy and have never provided that freedom of which preceding generations dreamed..." "Revolution is the fate and the great misfortune of nations," he writes in another of his books, *The New Middle Ages*.

There is not the least doubt that every revolution follows the line of least resistance, that evil

increases in the world only when good weakens in its opposition to it, that like every other temptation revolution contains within itself a cruel reward for those whom it deceives.

All of this deprives revolution of even the least moral justification. One cannot look upon it as a providential Nemesis of history, avenging itself upon government and society for the sins of the past, containing in itself the cure for the political and social ills of mankind, for if such were the case, the remedy would be more dangerous than the illness itself: it sucks the blood from the national organism over a long period of time, and sometimes even kills it completely. The torments of hell may also be punishment for the sins of men, but they will not purify men of these sins; and one may say the same of the fire of revolution, which is more apt to slay men in evil than to set aright or soften their hearts. One cannot compare this phenomenon to destructive elemental catastrophes such as, for example, the earthquakes and floods which God sends upon men from above to bring them to their senses, for in revolution man's evil will is at work, consciously striving to destroy and break down the human soul, whereas God, of course, cannot under any circumstance be the cause of evil.

In its very essence, revolution (as the very word bears witness, signifying explosion, rebellion, uprising) is a destructive principle: along with the good it also annihilates evil in part, yet it cannot create life until it renounces itself, i.e. its own hellish essence. One cannot harvest grapes from a black-thorn bush. Good and healthy fruits never grow from a rotten root. And even if all-wise Providence produces something good for us from such a root, this is, of course, not because of it but in spite of it. In and of itself revolution can only pour forth evil and misfortune upon mankind. This is why many of those who before were ready to worship it as a kind of goddess, the liberatrix of humanity, are now recoiling from it in horror. Themselves sobered by the cost of bitter experience, they are warning others against enthusiasm for revolution.

Summing up the "pluses and minuses of war and revolution," the famous sociologist Prof. Pitirim Sorokin, who with many other members of the intelligentsia had once paid tribute to

psychotic revolution, finds that the pluses do not outweigh the minuses: "This is why I view with skepticism every (naive and refined) joy and ecstasy which existed before the Revolution... When I see a great many laborers sincerely dreaming about the nature of revolution, I say: 'It is a pity that mankind has learned the lessons of history so poorly.' These children are playing with a fire which will utterly consume them, the working classes most of all; they are calling up a whirlwind which will bring about death, murder, starvation, sickness and devastation throughout the land—a whirlwind whose greatest result will be the suffering of the masses of the people... The method of blatant and bloody violence can by its very nature have no other result than destruction. 'A destructive spirit is not constructive'—we all understand this now.

"Even if revolution has produced positive results (which, alas, are few and far between), these fruits are not worth 'the pure tear of a single baby.' Here human lives serve as bricks, their blood as cement, their sufferings as plaster, their horrors and atrocities as paint: this is the revolutionary method of constructing the buildings of society. It is not only the lives and tears of adults, but tens of thousands of children are built into the foundation of such a building, mercilessly choked and smothered, shot, starved to death, killed by typhus, syphilis, cholera, scurvy and other diseases, their delicate bones broken, their bodies and souls perverted. The cost is too great, far too great" (*The Contemporary Condition of Russia*, p. 105).

The principal positive achievement of every revolution lies in its self-denial and graphic confirmation of the truth that *evolution is immeasurably higher than revolution*, that it is only leading the world along the path of true progress. The catastrophe of revolution leaves behind it such cultural devastation and such deep moral wounds that whole centuries are required to heal them. Pushkin showed the genuine, wise insight of genius when he teaches us through the mouth of Grinev in "*The Captain's Daughter*": "Young man, if my notes fall into your hands, remember that the best and most durable changes are those which proceed from an improvement of morals, without any violent shocks."

Another, no less important achievement attained by mankind after revolution consists of the

placement of the truth that religion so deeply imbues the whole essence of man that he cannot live without it, just as he cannot treat it with indifference: one can only either follow it or persecute and hate it. Revolutionaries, and especially our Bolsheviks, are not only striving to annihilate existing religion, but surreptitiously to replace it with another, which they themselves have created in their own image and likeness. Having rejected the true God, they have fashioned for themselves false idols invested with almost divine attributes. Lenin and Marx have become for them just what Mohammed is for Moslems. Their teaching is not only treated as though it were the only truth, but as completely infallible and eternal. It requires no rational justification and must be taken on faith, like a religious dogma. "The teacher has said..."—this is enough to ensure that his words become law for all the ages.

Such is man: having withdrawn from God, and even waging war upon Him, he does not cease to seek after indisputable divine Authority. "Thus doth man's soul commit adultery," says the blessed Augustine, "turning away from Thee, seeking outside of Thee what in total purity can only be found through returning to Thee. All who depart from thee and exalt themselves before Thee emulate Thee wrongly."



As is well known, revolution arises first in the soul of man. Who brought about the revolution of the Russian spirit, from which the greatest catastrophe of our times later emerged like a chick from an egg? The Decembrists, whom the Bolsheviks consider their ideological progenitors? Herzen, Bakunin, and especially Nechaev, who formulated their ideals and were later justly called their "forerunners"? The "stormy petrels", who appeared at the end of the 19th and especially early in the 20th century, and caused intellectual anarchy in the political and religious spheres, in science, art, music and poetry? All of these factors, of course, contributed toward the gradual disintegration of the Russian soul and toward preparing a corresponding social psychology for the appearance of the Russian Revolution, but the true spiritual reformers of this period, who brought about tremendous changes in almost all areas

of Russian life and Russian culture, were the two great leaders of Russian thought in the late 19th century — Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky.

Tolstoy embodied all the typical traits of the Russian nation, from its highest to its lowest strata. He was boundlessly and elementally irrepressible, uniting within himself both the refined member of the intelligentsia with his self-criticism, his spiritual wandering, his rationalism; and the peasant with his attraction toward the earth, his hatred for the more educated and prosperous classes, and his thirst for, if not a new heaven, then a new earth, on which righteousness would abide, and who had always sought the truth and often struggled with it. Within himself Tolstoy held echoes of all these thoughts and moods, and the amalgamation of them all would later cause our Revolution to blaze into flame. He was its Rousseau and, in part, its Voltaire. Tolstoy considered himself the direct disciple of the former and wore his portrait on his breast, as though it were a holy object. As regards Voltaire, it would seem that there is no direct spiritual kinship. However, it is beyond doubt that Tolstoy was in practice a Voltairist, and his venomous ridicule of the Church had no less a destructive influence upon Russian society than the sarcasm which Voltaire directed against the Catholicism of his time.

If they tell us that Tolstoy nevertheless tried to provide contemporary society with a Christian underpinning, we reply that among Voltaire's merits engraved upon his tombstone one finds "He fought against the atheists"; and this was not an exaggeration, for he was merely a deist, not an atheist. It is also beyond doubt that Tolstoy, by the stamp of his character and his convictions, was an opponent of war and against the evil power; he therefore rejected the courts and the entire governmental organization and hated the French Revolution, which he referred to merely as "big" and not as "great"; he was also opposed to all attempts, even among Russians, to bring about changes in the existing political and social system by means of revolution—of this he spoke openly to students and workers. His calls for a transformation of social relations on the basis of Christian brotherhood and love had nothing in common, of course, with the

misanthropy of the Bolsheviks; yet when he went on to criticize contemporary government, society and all of modern culture, his pen was full of such poisonous protest, dissatisfaction and mockery that, without being aware of it, he became an ally of the revolutionaries.

Spenser rightly said that "Mockery has always been the agent of revolution," and "Institutions which have lost their roots in faith and the respect of the people are doomed to destruction." Tolstoy's lengthy propaganda against so much that was dear and holy to the Russian heart, joined with his own attempt at adopting a "simple way of life", could not but have an influence on the soul of the people, and gradually shook loose all the fundamental underpinnings of Russian life. In the words of his son, Leo L'vovich Tolstoy, he turned the whole consciousness of the Russian nation on its head and formed a new Russia. With his sharp and deep-reaching literary plough, Tolstoy prepared the field of Russia for the revolution which, in the words of the aforementioned Leo L'vovich Tolstoy, was "prepared and morally sanctioned by him."

It is far more difficult to establish and follow the influence which the creativity of Dostoyevsky may have had on the appearance and progress of the Russian Revolution. He, of course, had nothing in common with Rousseau, Voltaire or the Encyclopedists. For many merely to posit such a question about a possible tie between the Russian Revolution and the literary activity of Dostoyevsky is tantamount to blasphemy. Our social opinion has long since nearly canonized the great writer. Everyone is accustomed almost to bow down with reverence before the genius and prophetic foresight of Dostoyevsky, who, long before it took place, limned the features of the Russian Revolution, which was as bloody and cruel as it was atheistic in its very nature.

In his *Demons* and *The Brothers Karamazov*, as in a mirror, that mass demonization, that satanic possession and pride which introduced socialism to Russia, were portrayed far in advance with extraordinary precision. Yet while depicting this coming kingdom of Ham, or better to say of Antichrist himself, so vividly, Dostoyevsky showed neither the epic dispassion of the great ascetics nor that indignant

tone or interior suffering which the pen of several of Russia's authors (e.g., Pushkin and Lermontov) breathed forth when they touched upon the satanic machinations which appeared in the life of the world. Both of these, so to speak, insure the reader of their writings against being led astray by the evil which is always inherent in our nature.

Dostoyevsky clearly sees the demonic character of the coming Revolution and those who inspired it; yet the hand he used to describe the latter, coupled with his passionate temperament (by his own admission, he always loved to "bite off more than he can chew"), led him further than would have been necessary to fulfill his objectives of moral instruction with regard to society, and than he himself might have desired. With the tremendous power of his dramatic talent, before our eyes he blindly and graphically strips evil of all its coverings; and it is so deeply embodied in his anti-heroes, melding spiritually with them, as it were, that the reader involuntarily experiences this sensation. The same thing happened with these images as with the eyes of the "Portrait" of the artist, as depicted by Gogol in the short story thus entitled: they are invested with a sort of magnetic power which simultaneously repels and attracts man's soul. Mortals can never safely touch the tree of the knowledge of good and evil or draw nigh to the abyss of hell: hell is always liable to draw one to itself and, as it were, inflame one with its own fiery breath. Like Dante, Dostoyevsky leads his reader through divers torments and at times forces him against his will to set aside his fiery writing for a time, to rest from that province of darkness to which they subject us from time to time. Cyril Zaitsev is right to say that "another time will come — Satan says so with his own mouth." Unfortunately, Dostoyevsky's positive ideal types do not provide sufficient serum to counteract such impressions. It is far more difficult to depict the exalted manifestations of the human spirit than the satanic depths of evil, even for such a writer with a natural talent for embodying in literary images, such as Dostoyevsky possessed. It would be neither a sin before the truth, nor before the great author himself, to say that the meek character of the Elder Zosimas or of Alësha Karamazov is unable to eclipse in our eyes the vivid

image of Ivan Karamazov, with his self-approving pride which shines before us with a kind of sinister, phosphorescent glow. His prideful sufferings do not attract our sympathies, for Satan is also the "martyr" of his own freedom.

With his from time to time genuinely "cruel" pen, Dostoyevsky, as with a sharp scalpel, cut through the soft Russian heart and, shaking it to its very foundation, disturbed its spiritual equilibrium. He showed impressionable Russian society the seductive image of a man who finds himself confronted with good and evil, and in this point entered into contiguity with Nietzsche to a certain degree. It is not for nought that the latter sensed in the creativity of the Russian author something akin to himself, and said that Dostoyevsky is "the only profound psychologist from whom I have been able to derive something for myself."

Everywhere developing his favorite concept of the two abysses in conflict with one another in the depths of the Russian heart, both of which, so to speak, have the same right to exist on the strength of the freedom given to man, Dostoyevsky thus indirectly provided the Russian Revolution with, if not a moral, at least a psychological justification.

In this sense, both bitter and sweet water simultaneously flow from his creativity. It is beyond doubt that in his personal life he vanquished the evil element, yet he does not transmit this sense to others and does not impart to it a gripping, triumphal power. He leaves it to the reader himself to make a choice between good and evil, overestimating the power of his self-determination, the balance of which has been destroyed by sin.

Therefore, from him were born, so to speak, two generations of men: those who follow him to the end, through the struggle of faith, love and humility, to the gates of the paradise we have lost, and those who, like Lot's wife, remain on the path and look back towards Sodom and Gomorrah, unable to overcome within themselves their attraction for moral error.

From this latter constellation have issued a whole series of young writers, who have first of all nurtured within themselves the "conflict" of the Karamazovs and have transmitted it to the masses of the people with the objective of revolutionizing

them. It is beyond doubt that Dostoyevsky himself would have rejected with displeasure such alleged ideological successors, yet they would be justified in claiming that they had drawn material for their own pernicious literary work from his compositions.

Since great minds involuntarily cast their own shadow forward, could it not, on the other hand, have happened that Dostoyevsky, by his most plastic depiction of the spirit and form of the coming revolution, helped the leaders of the Bolsheviks solidify their concepts, imparting to it legitimacy, a terrifying fire and a peculiar adherence to their own principles? Perhaps revolution was perfected in Dostoyevsky not only because he foresaw its real nature, but in part because he also foreordained its image through the very strength of the psychological suggestion which proceeds from his realistic artistic genius, which this time forgot Gogol's commandment, according to which every work of art must convey to man's soul peace and tranquility, not confusion and dichotomy. In any event, this entire question, even without viewing its full tragic aspect, requires thorough, thoughtful and objective investigation, responsibility for which lies with future generations.



During the Russian Revolution, the Church of Russia was condemned to pass through a double trial: at first through the temptation of external might and authority, and later through annihilation and suffering.

When the imperial throne fell under the blows of the Revolution, authority was consumed by flames in the provinces, the army was shaken, political parties grew weak and other social organizations fell apart; then, in the midst of the ruins to which formerly mighty Russia had been reduced there remained intact only the magnificent edifice of the Church, which had preserved all the power of its moral authority and itself represented an integral organism, headed by the newly-elected Patriarch of All Russia. The latter became a living symbol of the unity of the Russian land, as well as the "foremost man", such as Patriarch Hermogenes had been during the Time of Troubles. The eyes of

all who hoped for the salvation of Russia were involuntarily drawn to him. And it was not only the representatives of the former right-wing, but also those of the leftist tendencies within Russian society which had so often berated the Church of its close ties to the government, who tried to establish their own hopes upon his authority.

Seeing that at the least word of His Holiness, the Patriarch, hundreds of thousands of people gathered for triumphal processions and vast public prayer services in Moscow (especially in connection with the famous miracle of the icon of Saint Nicholas above the Nikol'sky Gates of the Kremlin), and that in Petrograd the inhabitants greeted him almost as a royal personage, the latter appreciated his significance for the moment and repeatedly approached him with the suggestion that he move the masses against the Bolsheviks, who had not yet consolidated their power.

At the same time, both our former allies, as well as our former enemies (i.e., the Germans), wished to make use of his name and influence from abroad. The latter, like the former, hoped with his help to draw to their side the armed might of Russia, which still appeared terribly strong, able by its application to one side or the other to settle the final outcome of the war. The temptation for the Church of Russia was very great. For her it seemed all the more seductive to take in her hand the sword of Cæsar, that the people and history themselves had delivered it to her. However, if she decided on such a step and stained her pure raiment with human blood, the heavy responsibility for the ensuing civil war would lie upon her, and her authority would forever be compromised.

Obedying her own inner sense, and even more the commandments of Orthodoxy, which from time immemorial has been alien to all clericalism and desire for worldly authority, the Patriarch, and with him the entire Council of the Church of Russia, declined to choose such a perilous path, but instead used all their power to wield the sword of the Spirit which had been entrusted to them, with which they began to stab at the newly arisen, atheistic, Communist regime. They openly exposed and denounced it both in conciliar decisions from the ambos of the churches (even in the Kremlin

itself, e.g., at the installation of the Patriarch), and in those Church periodicals which were still being published. The voice of the head of the Church of Russia, His Holiness Patriarch Tikhon, thundered forth with particular might, with great boldness and power of spirit calling down the vengeance of heaven upon the heads of the enslavers and corrupters of the Russian land.

One cannot read his historic epistle, which contains his anathema against those who made war on God and his unmasking of the amoral, corrupting essence of the new government, without inner trembling. They will forever bear witness in favor of the Church of Russia, which found them to be a mode of activity and a corresponding language which were worthy of her at so critical a moment in her historic life.

When the Communist regime later felt hard ground beneath it, it initiated open warfare against the Church. The Church was not daunted by this new trial, which was diametrically opposed to the former one, and greeted the persecution committed by the Soviet government with the greatest serenity and dignity.

Many bishops, priests and monastics, as well as believing lay people, underwent their sufferings almost with joy and an enthusiasm worthy of the first Christians. Hundreds of hieromartyrs, martyrs of both genders, and confessors, whose number continues to increase even to the present day, have shown the whole world the unbreakable might of the Christian Faith, and the persecutions have again become "the seed of the Church," according to the profound remark of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

However, even though there later appeared along with these heroes of the Spirit a certain number of cowardly and weak individuals who could not stand great testing, there were also such people in the first centuries of Christianity. It suffices to read the bitter reproaches which Saint Cyprian directed against "the fallen" to be convinced of this.

Besides the weakness of human nature in general, the guilt of the Russian nation may be deemed to be mitigated in this instance by the circumstance that it has been immolated in the fire of trials for many years, during the course of which religious persecutions, often thinly disguised as political

accusations, have not ceased for a single minute.

In comparison with this period of time, the years of the French Revolution seem short. And as regards the ancient Roman persecutions, even if treated as a whole, they extended over about three centuries and never lasted for any great number of years in succession. Thanks to the frequent succession of emperors, the policy of the Roman government with regard to the Christians also changed frequently. From time to time, God, in His loving-kindness, would send humane rulers, under whose authority the Christians were for a time able to rest from pagan persecutions and recoup their strength before the next wave of torments.

One need scarcely add that the general spirit of the life of the first Christians, who burned with holy zeal for the Faith and thirsted to behold the revelation of the kingdom of Christ as quickly as possible, was far more conducive to the brave endurance of sufferings for the Faith than this present cowardly and unbelieving age.

Finally, over the course of its thousand-year history, Orthodox Russia had never known the systematic persecution of religion, and was therefore unable to acquire sufficient experience for the battle against the enemies of the Church and the avoidance of the snares of the minions of Satan, who are now striving to use every form of atheistic propaganda and all manner of refined spiritual seductions and tortures to lure the faithful from the path of the Truth.



Many now ask why the Russian people and the Church of Russia are suffering, and why God does not cut short the evil which nearly everywhere is so visibly triumphing over good. This last question, taken on a universal scale, has been vexing mankind from time immemorial.

"They relate," we read in the *Apothegmata patrum*, "that one day, when Anthony the Great wondered at the profundity of the dispensation and judgements of God, he prayed and said: 'O Lord, why are there some men who attain a ripe old age and a feeble physical condition, while others die in childhood? Why are some poor and others rich?

Why do tyrants and malefactors prosper and gain earthly blessings, while the righteous are oppressed by poverty?' He had long pondered these questions when he heard a voice say: 'O Anthony, look to thyself and do not subject the judgments of God to thine analysis, for such is harmful to the soul.'"

When the innocent sufferer Job wished to defend his case before God, he received a similar answer amid the thunderstorm and tempest: "Who is this that hideth counsel from Me, and confineth words in his heart, and thinketh to conceal them from Me? Gird thy loins like a man; and I will ask thee, and do thou answer Me.... Do not set aside My judgment. Dost thou think that I have dealt with thee in any other way, than that thou mightest appear to be righteous? Hast thou an arm like the Lord's, or dost thou thunder with a voice like His?" (Job 38: 1-3; 40: 3-4).

The very friends of God are unable to attain unto the judgments of providence in the course of world history. King David the prophet said, "But as for me, my feet were all but shaken; my steps well nigh had slipped" (Ps. 72: 2), when he pondered this mystery. It likewise troubled the Patriarch Abraham as he called for the loving-kindness of God when he beheld the condemned cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the Prophets Jonah and Elijah, who demanded that God punish the ungodly; and the writer of Ecclesiastes, who saw that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor yet bread to the wise, nor yet wealth to men of understanding" (Eccl. 9: 11). Righteous men knew that "[God's] eye is too pure to behold evil doings" (Hab. 1: 13). The Prophet Jeremiah even made so bold as to try to contend with the Master of all creation Himself, lodging a complaint against His personal judgments upon the earth: "Righteous art Thou, O Lord, that I may make my defence to Thee. Yea, I will speak to Thee of judgments. Why is it that the way of the ungodly men doth prosper, that all that deal very treacherously are flourishing? Thou hast planted them, and they have taken root; they have begotten children, and become fruitful" (Jer. 12: 1-2).

The Lord never revealed to any man the plans of His dispensation in their entirety, not because He did not wish to, but because men are unable to

comprehend them due to the very limited nature of their horizons, which cannot fathom the full depth of the richness of the wisdom and understanding of God which are revealed in His divine rule over the world. To understand the ways of the providence of God in history one must know both the present condition of the world in all its fullness and the past and future judgments of the universe, for all of this is indissolubly bound up in the single plan of divine œconomy, and such a breadth of knowledge, of course, is inaccessible to man. Thus, an infant cannot penetrate the thoughts and intentions of his father, who tries to foresee for him everything that is better, not only in the present, but also in the future, as well as to join his good with the good of the other members of the family.

Only when the fullness of time is reached, the end of the world takes place, and the kingdom of Christ is opened, will all the incomprehensible judgments of God be justified for us; before them will mankind, redeemed by Christ, bow down in reverence, saying "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving... be unto our God forever and ever" (Rev. 7: 12). Until that time, only from time to time, to a small degree and with particular, deliberate aims, does God reveal His all-wise will, which leads individual nations and the whole world along one or another path in history. He reveals it either directly to His chosen ones, with whom He may converse face to face, or He reveals it in the very course of world events, which are directed by His right hand. Jealous for the glory of God when it is subjected to mockery by the children of disobedience, the righteous often ask why the Almighty does not immediately wreak vengeance upon the prideful and impious who rise up against His eternal and omnipotent dominion. It is for this reason that He is God and not man, that He is the Holy One, as he Himself replies through the prophet (Hos. 11: 9). God is too powerful, reasons Saint John Chrysostom, to wreak vengeance upon anyone immediately. At that same time, He so far transcends the world that no boastful tongue can offend or even touch Him. Every blasphemer is truly like a dog baying at the moon.

Human zeal is often intolerant only because it is not balanced with love, which comprises the very

essence of the divine Nature. The loving-kindness of God often, as it were, restrains for a time the hand of His chastisement. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness, but is longsuffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (II Pet. 3: 9).

"Thou hast mercy on all," says another sage of the Old Testament, "for Thou canst do all things, and winkest at the sins of men, because they should amend... Thou sparest all: for they are Thine, O Lord, Thou lover of souls" (Wis. 11: 23, 26). His mercy and justice do not want to destroy the tares together with the wheat, with which they put down roots, as it were, in the same soil. He was ready to have mercy on condemned Sodom and Gomorrah for the sake of ten righteous men, so that such would not perish with the ungodly, and He did not wish to destroy Nineveh for the sake of 120,000 innocent babes and even because of the irrational beasts which would have been destroyed with the people (Jon. 4: 11). The very measurement of time in man's conception differs entirely from that in God's eyes. "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day" (II Pet. 3: 9; Ps. 89: 5). Divine providence has "ordered all things in measure and number and weight" (Wis. 11: 20). With Him everything is appointed its own time and season.

"How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on those who dwell on the earth?", the souls beneath the altar, who had been slain for the Word of God and for the testimony they gave, cried out with a loud voice, as John the Theologian, the seer of mysteries, bears witness. "And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren, who should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled" (Rev. 6: 10-11). No one, of course, knows when their number will in fact be fulfilled.

The Lord sometimes waits for evil to reveal itself utterly, so that, having exposed its real nature, it might by itself be rejected by the hearts of men; and He subjects the righteous man to a sevenfold trial, so as to reveal his spiritual beauty before the

whole world and increase his reward. Thus, for a time, He allows things to remain as they are: "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still" (Rev. 22: 11).

If, with a righteous man, the least sinful obstacles characteristic of fallen human nature are burned up in the fire of trials, so also does God allow the ungodly one to enjoy prosperity for a time, so that he might receive his "reward" for those crumbs of good which he might at any time do during his life. The just Judge does not wish to remain in debt either to the righteous or the sinful. The latter, of course, do not realize that He is dealing with them in this instance as a physician does with the hopelessly ill, deciding at the last moment to let them have anything they want, only because they have no hope for a future. With great eloquence and persuasiveness the blessed Augustine reveals this latter idea in his famous work *On the City of God*, which is, as is well known, the first attempt at a philosophy of history, when he speaks of the fall of Rome. The very prosperity of those condemned to destruction is no more than a phantom, like smoke, and therefore it should elicit no sense of envy in anyone, but only a sad pity for their lot, for the divine Word is immutable: "Vengeance is Mine; I will repay" (Rom. 9: 13; Deut. 32: 25); "When I am given the appointed time, I will judge uprightly" (Ps. 74: 3); "I will begin, and I will make an end" (I Kings 3: 12).

"Fret not thyself because of evil-doers," King David the Prophet urges us, "nor envy them that work iniquity. For like grass quickly shall they be withered, and like green herbs quickly shall they fall away" (Ps. 36: 1-2).

"Weep for the sinner who succeeds at everything" one of the Fathers of the Church teaches us, "for the sword of divine justice is hanging over him."

When the Lord deems it necessary, He reveals His judgment over ungodliness even here on earth, answering, as it were, the entreaty of mankind: "Let me see Thy vengeance taken upon them, for to Thee I have declared my cause" (Jer. 11: 20).

Thus, He poured forth His wrath upon the assembly of wicked deicides—on those agents of the prince of darkness who suspended the God-man upon the Cross.

Judas, the first of them, himself understood: after the crime he had committed, he was unable to bear it and to defile the earth with his continued existence, and he pronounced sentence upon himself when, casting down the accursed pieces of silver—the blood-price of his Teacher—he “departed, and went and hanged himself... and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out” (Mt. 27: 5; Acts 1: 18).

The chief priests, scribes and pharisees—those men with burning consciences who would have paid any price for a death sentence over the Savior of the world—had the bitterness not only to see the ruin of their whole pernicious and evil plan, when Christ the Savior rose from the dead and His teaching began to spread everywhere victoriously, but also to live—some themselves, others in their children—until the terrible days of the destruction of Jerusalem, which knew not the day of its visitation and had rejected Christ the Messiah Who had come to it. They were condemned to behold great tribulation, such as had never been seen from the beginning of the world, and will not be seen afterward.

Tormented by a hunger which forced mothers to devour their own children, oppressed by civil strife and the violence of the zealots, worn down by terrible forebodings, the inhabitants of besieged Jerusalem lived through indescribable sufferings, according to Josephus Flavius. When the cruel Roman soldiers finally forced their way into the city, they began pitilessly to destroy everyone, without regard to gender or age; and, as contemporaries testify, the hills surrounding Jerusalem were thick with a vast number of crosses, on which were suspended those who had once cruelly cried out to Pilate, “Crucify, crucify Him!”, or their descendants.

And that cowardly judge, who had the power to save Him Whose innocence he himself confessed before the people, and who sacrificed Him so as not to jeopardize his friendship with Cæsar, did not escape the retribution of heaven. In vain did he wash his hands before the people as a sign that he refused to share in the wicked deed which was being committed. They too were stained with the blood of the innocent Sufferer, and not all the waters of the Jordan could wash them clean. And this blood fell also upon his head. Not for long did he

retain the favor of his ruler: accused before Cæsar by the Jews for another reason, eight years after the crucifixion of the Savior he was removed from his position and exiled to Vienne, where, like the traitor Judas, he ended his life in suicide.

The history of the Church, which is a repetition of the history of the life of its Founder, is full of similar examples. And even in our own times we behold many individual instances of miracles, when the hand of God invisibly casts down the proud so that a righteous man may find comfort, and that it might be obvious to all that “there is indeed a God that judgeth them upon the earth” (Ps. 57: 12).

Nothing so painfully wounds the heart of the faithful as blatant blasphemy and the mockery of holy things, which God permits only when the people become unworthy of the tokens of His visible presence among them. This He Himself revealed to Solomon immediately after the consecration of the first true temple on earth: “If ye or your children do in any wise revolt from Me, and do not keep My commandments and Mine ordinances, which Moses set before you, and ye go and serve other gods, and worship them: then will I cut off Israel from the land which I have given them, and this house which I have consecrated to My name I will cast out of My sight; and Israel shall be a desolation and a by-word to all nations. And this house, which is high, shall be so that every one that passeth by it shall be amazed, and shall hiss; and they shall say: ‘Wherefore hath the Lord done thus to this land, and to this house?’ And men shall say: ‘Because they forsook the Lord their God, Who brought out their fathers from Egypt, out of the house of bondage, and they attached themselves to strange gods, and worshipped them, and served them: therefore the Lord hath brought this evil upon them’” (III [I] Kings 9: 6-9).

Thus, by His presence and protection God does not abandon His holy place until men themselves leave it or become indifferent to it. “Let us depart from hence,” were the words which issued forth from the temple of Jerusalem when it was condemned to destruction because of the iniquities committed by the people of Israel.

We should keep sight of all these indications of the word of God concerning the ways of God’s

providence which acts in the world, and concerning the meaning of men's sufferings, when we reach the verge of despondency on seeing evil everywhere triumphant, and when God, as it were, covers His face with a cloud, that our supplications might not reach Him, as the prophet says (v. Lam. 3: 44).

Here we should likewise add the idea that revolution—the principal source of our misfortunes, combining in itself fire, the sword, famine and civil strife—cannot be equated fully, as regards its origin, with elemental misfortunes of various types, or even with war. If the latter can overtake us suddenly and quite against our will, revolution never comes save through the will and desire of the people themselves. The people always either actively bring it about, or simply accept it as a fact which they decide not to oppose. Society may decide not to allow its appearance and even to stop its spread at the very outset, if it so desires. But there comes a fateful moment when the whole nation decides, "If through blood, then through blood; and if through chaos, then through chaos," and, throwing down a challenge to fate, it foolishly casts itself into the abyss. Knowing well that even the worst regime is better than no government at all, however, in a fit of impatience or stupidity, with its own hands it removes the last dam restraining the pressure of the evil, elemental powers which threaten organized human civilization, and chaos forces itself into the arena of social life, inundating it like a deluge. Ever afterwards, human will is powerless to do battle against the element, which carries it on before itself on stormy waves. Those who first begin to shake the building of the government are the first to perish when it collapses. Gradually picking up heat, this conflagration will not stop until the whole country is reduced to ashes.

Thus, the very appearance of revolution is an act of the profound moral fall of the people, which requires redemption and bears within itself the reward it deserves, in accordance with the famous law, "As you sin, so will you be tormented."

Among the masses of the Russian people there was an entirely different relationship toward revolution than one found in France. Our people did not vote for the execution of the sovereign, which was done without their knowledge and, one may

say without exaggeration, against their will. Not without reason did the murderers of the Tsar-Martyr strive to conceal this terrible news from them. In general, the Russian people only half-consciously accepted the Revolution, which was not so much a deed of intellect and will as of temperament, as Bunin correctly states in his *Life of Arseniev*: "Ah, the eternal Russian demand for a festival. How sentimental we are, how we thirst for ecstasy in life—not merely enjoyment, but rapture. How it draws us into hard drinking and inebriation. How tedious we find weekdays and ordinary labor... Was not our immemorial dream of rivers of milk, of will without restraint, of feasts, one of the main reasons for the Russian Revolution?"

In his famous work entitled *Twelve*, even Blok portrays the Revolution as a drunken debauch of general Russian nature. This drunkenness, however, has turned out to be too long in duration and too dangerous. It has brought the Russian man to white-hot fever and demonic hallucinations. The organism cannot survive such a fit of drunkenness without being profoundly shaken. It will experience pain and suffering even after it regains a state of sobriety.

The state of inebriation in which one or another crime is committed cannot, however, serve as justification for it; in the jurisprudence of several countries it is even considered an aggravating circumstance. With all the peculiarities of the psychology of the Russian Revolution, we cannot, however, consider ourselves free from the guilt which the spiritual poet described so well:

I myself, on my own moral authority
Called evil forth from the dark abyss;
My soul I have filled with suffering,
My mind I have agitated with doubt.

Since we have brought this terrible affliction upon ourselves, it is we who are obligated, first of all, to find the cure for it and its consequences.

The organism of the people must cast forth from itself the poison of Bolshevism, which is equally deleterious in large and small doses. We should not only reject it, but hate and abominate its falsehood. Yet a people corrupted by revolution cannot be re-educated using words alone, however

eloquent they may be, or by new political and social programs opposed to Soviet Communism and its dictatorship of the proletariat.

The kingdom of Satan cannot be destroyed with only such weapons. This generation will not be exorcized except through prayer and fasting, i.e., through religious and moral struggle. Today's atheism must be opposed by fiery faith, moral depravity by profound Christian repentance and a lively asceticism. Russia is obliged to lament its fall with bitter and bloody tears and to beseech God earnestly to send down upon it again the fiery grace of the Spirit, to cleanse it of its former vileness and restore in it a pure mind and upright spirit.

Revolution has perverted everything, and first and foremost the very idea on the basis of which human society must be founded. The famous three-part revolutionary slogan, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity", which is in part borrowed from the Bible, is missing its fourth part, "Love": only this latter virtue can crown, like a dome, this triad, which without it lacks inner unity, and make fertile these very principles, imparting to them an active, lively power. Yet the word love has no place in the heart of the revolutionary, which is nurtured on hatred. For the leadership of the French Revolution, it was likewise a term, as it was for Lenin, which they wished to exclude completely from their lexicon.

Hence were engendered all the inner contradictions of the Revolution, the main one of which lies in the fact that the striving for social equality slays liberty. "Liberty should be established by violence," Marat triumphantly proclaimed, thus signing his own death warrant; "It is necessary to establish a despotism of liberty, so as to crush the despotism of tyrants." And one of those who shared his views, Mme. Julien, merely carried this to its logical conclusion when she cried: "If you desire goals, you should also desire the means! Down with barbaric humaneness!"

The Bolsheviks have affixed their signature to these latter words, using the blood of their countless innocent victims. They have introduced class warfare and hatred as a principle, and from now on we must oppose this with all the power and fire of true, brotherly Christian love, bringing it into the full fabric of social life. We must restore "barbaric humane-

ness" and establish it again as the foundation of human relationships. At the same time, we should organize around the Church all the creative powers of the people, so as to overcome the evil organized by Communism, an evil which will long be able to make itself felt among the people: instead of the *Internationale* the idea of universal brotherhood in Christ must again be proclaimed.

In the struggle against evil one must sometimes make use of lessons borrowed from one's own former opponents, for the children of this age are wiser than the children of the kingdom in their own generation.

A certain American asked Lenin: "Where does the power of the Bolsheviks lie?" "Where is our power?", Lenin said sarcastically; "Is that what you, a representative of the bourgeois class, are asking?", and he smirked evilly. "I will tell you. Our power lies in your weakness, in your inability to organize and act together, in your personal and class egotism, in your dissensions and your cowardice. That is where our power lies." In these caustic words of the Bolshevik leader, unfortunately, there is much truth, for the destructive elements of society usually are more active and more organized than the conservative element, which supports social order; thus evil finds it possible to create the impression of a power which it does not, in reality, possess.

In Byron's poem, Lucifer lied to Cain when the latter asked whether he was happy, and the former answered, "We are powerful." His might is illusory and cannot stand against the eternal and invincible power of the Cross of Christ.

If the Russian people arm themselves again with the sword of the Spirit, they will always overcome the seduction of Bolshevism, and our suffering Russia, after its baptism by fire, will rise again in new power and glory, to accomplish its own exalted historical mission—to become the chosen portion of Christ, the stronghold of Orthodoxy, a truly Holy Russia.

"Yet for the time being, Russia is only a field strewn with dry bones. Will these bones live again? And if they live, when will this happen?", many ask with sad bewilderment, who would like to see the resurrection of their homeland come about more quickly. One can only answer them with the

words of the prophet: "O Lord God, Thou knowest these things!" No one is permitted to predict the future, yet we are obliged to prepare for it.

It is our irrevocable moral duty to labor for tomorrow (even if we ourselves will not live to see it) and not to lose heart, having faith in the ultimate triumph of good over evil and the victory of Christ over the Antichrist.



The history of humanity is full of contradictions and enigmas. However difficult it may be to grasp this, it is the idealist Plato, the most humane of the philosophers, who is the ideological father of Communism. Theoretically, he anticipated the Bolsheviks in many things, allowing, for example, the possibility of exterminating all men older than fourteen years of age, so as to do away with the older generation and pour new wine into new bottles.



It is remarkable that all the major revolutions are repeated at about one hundred year intervals, as though such a period of time is necessary to accumulate a fresh revolutionary energy and to forget the horrors of the previous catastrophe.

They all resemble one another, not only because of the law of imitation which characterizes all mass phenomena, but in the oneness of the spirit which acts in them: identical principles always produce identical results.

In addition to these revolutions which are well known to all, there have been a whole series of other, lesser revolutions, i.e., the backward social revolutions in ancient Persia, Sparta, China, which, however, bore in embryo the same cruel, destructive character as the former.

As for the Time of Troubles, which took place more than three centuries ago, it resembles the 20th century Revolution only with regard to the psychology of Russian rebellion, and not in any way with regard to its ideology. All of its leaders—even those like Bolotnikov, who in his program more closely than others approached that of the Bolsheviks—were purely nationalists and never considered that their

movement had any international implications. Their world-view readily coincided with the religious and political ideals then dominant, which, of course, are as opposed to the ideology of modern Communists as light is to darkness.



Power manifested itself on earth only after the fall of the first human beings.

In paradise, the cry of the overseer was never heard. Man never forgets that he was once royally free, and that power is the price of sin. Even if he submits to the latter out of the consciousness that it is established by God as the principle which restrains the evil which has spread in the world, nevertheless, under the influence of the selfsame sin, he champs at his bit like a horse, and like a wild beast he roars at his tamer from time to time.

That which, among cultured peoples with their social discipline, is called "lawful opposition" to the government, among savages, according to the observation of travellers, takes the form of tempestuous orgies during the interruption of authority when it changes hands; the mob then commits brutalities and heaps the crudest of insults and mockery upon their former leaders.

We observe a similar picture at the height of the Revolution. It is directed first of all at all who have authority, and does not abate until the blood of the rulers is shed, for this seems to have some sort of sacramental significance for revolutionary consciousness. It is not for nought that, after the execution of Louis XVI, one woman smeared her breasts with his blood and poured it into the mouth of her infant. Others "dipped their handkerchiefs and the tips of their pikes in the blood of the martyred king," as Carlyle writes in his *History of the French Revolution*. Is not this equivalent to the national declaration "His blood be upon us and our children"?

Yet the French people had already taken this blood upon themselves when, through their representatives in the National Convention, they voted to condemn their own king to death. This sentence—so fateful for France itself—was passed by a majority of a *single* vote [sic]. This did not,

however, elicit any open protest anywhere against the execution of Louis XVI, either before or after the sentence was carried out. Drunk on this blood, the French Revolution would have reduced the whole country to ashes had it not found Napoleon.

What is it that has irresistibly attracted men to him, not only during his lifetime, but even now, when his name has become a mere historical memory? The titanic sweep of his plans and his struggle against fate, which often blocked the way to their realization. His tempestuous life was one great tragedy, and people always gravitate toward the tragic, in which the weakness and strength of man simultaneously proclaim themselves. "A grain of sand determined my fate," he said of his failure near Acre (or Ptolemais), which brought his famous Egyptian campaign to an end. "I might have gone on to Constantinople or India... I might have changed the world." This "grain of sand" was in actual fact the omnipotent right hand of God, in Whose hands he and his genius were mere instruments. In some cases it saved him from danger, even when he fell into despair and nearly committed suicide, and in others it set a limit to his successes where, it seemed, everything favored the latter.

Born and raised in the fire and tempest of revolution, he had the right to say of himself "I am the Revolution." In him, fortunately for France, was finally embodied the restless spirit of the latter, which drove him from one end of the world to the other, compelling him to develop superhuman energy and giving him no rest. His heart knew neither religious fervor, nor love, nor joy, nor regret, nor repentance, of which his gloomy gaze, sunk deep into himself, ever spoke. Only the little island of Saint Helena, beset on every side by the sea, was able to tame his raging nature. Pent up there like a lion in a cage, "tormented by the punishment of peace," he was able consciously to review his exceptional historic path and, if only a little, humble his pride. His sojourn there was, if not the resolution of his tragedy, then surety for the peace of the world, whose state had been reduced to that of a tempest-tossed ocean. Together with him, or perhaps better to say in his person, the dying revolutionary elements were incarcerated on the island of Saint Helena, finally to die down and be extinguished with him.



There is nothing new under the moon. That which we call the present-day crisis and which may rightly be called a great world catastrophe and, perhaps, the harbinger of the end of the world itself, was foreseen equally by our Slavophiles and their opponents, the extreme Westernizers and revolutionaries. Both groups, each from its own point of view, foretold the present decline of Europe and its age-old culture. "Repent, repent!", cried Herzen in a prophetic voice, addressing the West; "The judgment of your world has arrived! Europe is sinking into the abyss like a foundering ship!" Tiutchev, Dostoyevsky and Leontiev all say something similar, foreseeing the collapse of contemporary Western culture. And now these remote instances of foresight have just about become facts of actual life. Everyone who has keen spiritual hearing can already sense the muffled underground tremors which presage a coming earthquake. Both Schpengler and Rozanov, and a whole series of other Russian and foreign authors, each in his own literary or philosophical language, writes of the "Apocalypse of our time."

As is his wont, Rozanov makes a profound and decisive diagnosis of the current spiritual illness of the world: "Within European humanity voids have formed because of the absence of Christianity, and the world is disappearing into these voids." The world, however, is trying to hold itself back from this yawning abyss, showing, as Schpengler expresses it, "the will to govern." And expression of this will is the concept of the superman which was prepared, in his words, by Darwin's theory of natural selection and the philosophy of Schopenhauer. Nietzsche only provided it with a final philosophical formulation, and Bernard Shaw is trying to give it a more practical and modern character. The foolishness into which the latter falls, and especially the mindlessness of Nietzsche himself, are the natural logical and moral conclusion of man's attempts at self-deification. They are forever doomed.

Having lost faith in everything, the people have arrived at skepticism. "Doubt has torn the earth apart," complains a certain contemporary writer; "We know either too much or too little." The old question, "What is truth?", again confronts the consciousness of mankind in all its tragic force.

Tormented by their own strivings, they again seek salvation in a rebirth of religious feeling, which may be suppressed for a time, but never completely disappears from man's heart.

Yet while debunking its own idols, modern society cannot relinquish them entirely. It is unable to make the complete sacrifice of self-denial which true religion demands, and therefore prefers to satisfy itself with surrogates in the guise of occult teachings, Theosophy and Masonry. The latter spread around themselves the twilight of that sick mysticism or religious ecstasy which so characterize every period of decline; or they manifest themselves simply as a series of cold philosophical or moral propositions which feed the mind more than the heart. Here religion, in the personal sense of this word, withers away as a living and active bond between God and man which embraces the full essence of the latter.

The attempt to bring about the apotheosis of the human collective, which has led to a profound shaking of the social and governmental order, has likewise proven unsuccessful. Desiring to save themselves from the impending chaos, contemporary cultured peoples, following the instinct for self-preservation, are looking again for powerful men and casting themselves into their embrace, ready to sacrifice their freedom if only this will stave off anarchy. It seems that the time is approaching when men who have lost "the great and mighty man, the warrior and the judge, and the prophet [will be prepared] to lay hold of his brother, as one of his father's household, saying: 'Thou hast raiment, be thou our ruler, and let my meat be under thee'" (Is. 3: 2, 6).

The shattered organism of the government seeks support for itself in the rebirth of its old pagan absolutism, which oppressed and swallowed up the human personality. Ever since, as the exalted moral teaching of Christ, which elevated the significance of each individual man, whose soul is precious in the eyes of God, and which introduced harmony between the principles of person and society, has lost its immemorial softening and ennobling influence upon the organism of the state, there has remained of it only a naked, stark and cold iron framework, which tries to enslave human thought itself and to form, as Berdyaev says, "the dictatorship of world view." Thus, simultaneously with the fall of its religious sensibility, society has lost the soul that enlivens and gives organization to it.

Separation from elevating religious ideals, which have always nurtured true creativity, has rendered

scientific knowledge barren, on the foundation of which "religious faith lies", as Schpengler says; it has humiliated and devastated art, casting it down to the ground from the starry heights. Art has now lost the very concept of genuine beauty and the source of inspiration and creative energy. "The new artist," the same Schpengler says, "is a craftsman, not a creator."

The decline of contemporary art in connection with the impoverishment of religious inspiration is described in a very vivid and graphic form by Prof. E. V. Spektorsky in his serious and highly instructive study, *Christianity & Culture*.

"Religion, that hymn of the universe, as James defines it," he says, "has ceased to be heard in art. And with this has ended the majestic period in the history of art, the period of elevated art, devoid of the mockery of what was called holy...."

"Modern taste is cultivated in such an unfavorable environment, which by principle, as it were, excludes æsthetics, for in it industry as such is not needed, inasmuch as it does not earn its living thereby.

"Instead of churches, hotels, exhibition halls, or skyscrapers with elevators and restaurants have become the objects of the more encouraging architectural creativity. There was a time when the word "fabric" denoted a church. Now fabric as a church has been supplanted by fabric as a factory.

"In the environment of our mechanistic, de-Christianized culture, which Retenau so glorifies, a horrible vulgarization of taste has taken place. Art and æsthetics have been almost supplanted by fashions and amusements. Who now does not sing the praises of fashion? Fashion is in principle a rejection of eternity and even duration. This fashion is not yesterday, nor is it yet tomorrow. This fashion is the caprice of some and the slavery of others" (*Christianity & Culture*, pp. 152-153).

Schpengler, as did Leontiev in his time, considers the simplification of art and the return to nature as nothing more than a disguising "of the descent from the eagle's perspective to that of a frog in the great questions of life." Thus, "day after day, the elderly man returns to the bosom of nature." Bolshevism, which has nurtured in itself all the elements of the spiritual disintegration of mankind, Bolshevism, in which simplicity attains a primitive savagery, symbolizes this decrepitude of modern society. With the open cynicism which characterizes it, it dares what others have not yet dared to say. Is this not because so many sympathetic hands are held out to it? Here

the old psychological law—*Similis simili gaudet*; Like delighteth in like—proclaims itself. “Wherever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together” (Mt. 24: 28).

“Having gone wild, Europe, seeing the Bolsheviks, yearns the forest,” in the apt expression of Merezhkovsky. It does not wish to consider the fact that for it to embrace Bolshevism would be tantamount to suicide (*The Kingdom of Antichrist*, p. 195).

Only rarely are sobering voices heard in Europe, to which, however, the opinion of society pays scant attention. “What shall we do?”, a certain famous preacher in London bravely asked not long ago; “Having cast aside all considerations of caution, dignity and honor... we are extending our friendship to the enemies of Christ, we are walking arm in arm with Judas Iscariot and are amiably exchanging jokes with Pontius Pilate. And why? For money, for thirty pieces of silver!”

Among all of cultured humanity there is doubtless a troubling presentiment of impending catastrophe, yet, as during the flood, everyone continues to eat, drink and be merry, as long as the calamity still has not struck. The development of technology helps modern men to increase the tempo of life so as to deaden the inner anguish gnawing at their heart. The airplane, from which the world seems to be a moving map, the film, which consists of a succession of fleeting impressions, and the newspaper, which is shown to be a film which changes daily before our eyes—these are the three most appropriate symbols of contemporary life. Everything has been wholly reduced to dynamics, i.e., to movement. Mankind, worn down by dire presentiments, has no desire to pause and consider its fate. It hastens, as it were, to escape from itself, or better to say, from the abyss, from the non-existence which is already beginning to drag it down after itself. Having rejected Christ, contemporary culture has sentenced itself to destruction.

Long ago it was noticed that peoples which forget God become unworthy to live on earth; and it would seem that we shall again hear the voice of heavenly justice say: “Behold, your house is left unto you desolate... till ye shall say, ‘Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord’” (Mt. 23: 38-39). If the modern world is able to come to its senses, it must cry out: “Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!” (Jn. 6: 68).

Only Christianity, which saved the world from destruction during the era of the fall of ancient culture, can again pour new life into spiritually decrepit humanity. It alone has the power painlessly to resolve all the political, and especially social, contradictions, in whose snares contemporary society has become enmeshed. It is impossible to create the “mechanism of good” which modern social wisdom seeks in vain, as Prof. Kartashev has said. One should keep in mind that history has only once seen a perfect, model order on earth: it blossomed forth on ground rendered fertile by the grace of Christ. Passionate striving for earthly attainments and distinctions will not disappear among men until the fire of the love of the Gospel will weld them into a single organism which will have one heart and one soul, and when they rush toward the heavenly city with all their being.

In this sense, the Church was and remains to this day our “socialism”, as Dostoyevsky expresses it. In it alone are all nations and all humanity combined into a single “universal” brotherhood, into a single organism. She has but one living social principle, one all-embracing social virtue—love, which is more capable of giving than demanding a cold justice, of laying down its life for its friends.

To create a realm of universal harmony on earth, the Church need not descend from its high station and enter the depths of earthly human relations, distribute its property among men, as is now often demanded; on the contrary, contemporary social life, i.e., its very soul, must be lifted up from the earth and enter again, organically, into the religious element. In spite of all the world’s upheavals, the cornerstone on which Christ the Savior was pleased to establish the whole life of His followers, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you” (Mt. 6: 33), remains unshaken.

Translated from the Russian by the reader Isaac E. Lambertsen, from “Conversations with My Own Heart”, in An Anthology of Selected Writings by His Eminence, Metropolitan Anastasius, First Hierarch of the Russian Church Abroad, (Jordanville, NY: St. Job of Pochaev Press, 1948), pp. 357-396. Copyright © 1994. All rights reserved by the translator.

